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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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THE FRENCH CONTRIBUTION TO WORLD CULTURE

[Few men are better qualified to write on what the French have given to orld culture than **Monsieur Denis Saurat**, Director of the Institut Français ı Royaume Uni at London and the able interpreter of two great cultures to ıch other. His studies of Milton and Blake are very widely known. His ading of the implications of French prose as an "instrument of universality" particularly luminous.—ED.]

Each one of the really great ations, each one really of the spir-ually constituted human groups, as something to give to the human pirit considered as a whole. Per-aps it is better to put it the other ay and to say that the human pirit as a whole uses this or that oup as an instrument for some ecific piece of work. What is then e French contribution to world lture? A distinction must be ade between the French in the iddle Ages and the French from the enaissance onwards; indeed they em, for no reason that has been as-rtained, to be two different peoples. e originality of the French up to e fifteenth century is really in their ligious architecture. The great hievement of the French after the fifteenth century is in literary prose.

The great Gothic cathedrals created by the French are the Western equivalents of Hindu architecture. Though totally different they nevertheless present a wealth both of concrete detail and of spiritual meanings that is comparable and that, as far as we know, has perhaps never been equalled anywhere since the disappearance of the great Egyptian and Mesopotamian cultures—except probably in India alone. Behind this French contribution to world art was the spirit of the Middle Ages which reached its highest expression in France. The French are the only nation, except perhaps again the Hindus with Asoka, who ever had a saint as a successful king: Saint Louis, Louis the Ninth of the

Capetian dynasty is the most splendid human flower of the Middle Ages and his reign represents the one success of Christianity in the political field. In him and in his time emerges the real characteristic of the French spirit—universality. Christianity in this period naïvely and sincerely believed itself to be the one universal faith and also the one universal system of logic and philosophy. The other nations or races were merely in the dark and had merely to be enlightened. The theology of Saint Thomas Aquinas is in the intellectual field what the reign of Louis the Ninth is in the political field. But, of all the splendours of that period, what is really left to us as a tangible fact is the splendour of the French cathedrals and the philosophy that they embody. Mostly also, it must be confessed, we look at the cathedrals as ignorant people, feeling their splendour but not understanding their meaning.

A more permanent triumph of the French, therefore, is in their second achievement: literary prose, which is an instrument of world culture, which the *élite* of all nations either have learnt to use or will learn to use as an education. The position of prose writing is somewhat peculiar in the world of the spirit. Real poetry is a direct infusion of the Spirit into human language and conditions, and it cannot be taught. It is not an instrument by which mankind expresses its aspirations. It is the vehicle through which God transmits his messages. It can be understood or distorted and necessarily is in part both comprehended and misapprehended.

Besides poetry, to be complete in its equipment, the human mind or spirit needs prose. Prose should be, and good prose is, the clear and exact expression of man's desires. It is, therefore, more difficult for mankind to achieve good prose than to achieve good poetry: in poetry man works with God's help; in prose he is on his own. Yet how necessary it is for man to understand exactly what he wants when he is by himself, away from God, free! Man being a freed individual it is essential to him to come to a clear understanding of himself, with himself. Therefore prose is an indispensable part of his equipment. Within the scope of our knowledge (which is very limited) good prose has been written in only two languages: Greek and French. Greek prose from Plato to Lucian is the basis of our human civilisation, and its highest achievement. But who knows Greek well enough to go to that school? All too few people, after a lifetime of study. It was therefore necessary to our present civilisation that a new instrument of universal culture should be constructed. It was constructed by the French. Appropriately, the first real constructive prose in Europe was translated from the Greek. And Amyot's *Lives of Plutarch* marks the grafting of the French tradition upon the Greek achievement. Boileau was to say a century later that there was one

thing which passed in art both the ancients and the moderns and that was the French prose style of Pascal in "Les Lettres Provinciales." After Amyot's tuition of Greek art, one of the greatest minds that mankind has ever had, Pascal, put all the power of his creative spirit into the shaping of French prose. After him Molière, Bossuet, La Bruyère and many other masters polished and refined the instrument. That they succeeded is proved by the fact that what is probably the greatest achievement of the European intellect, Leibniz's *Monadologie*, was written in French in 1714. That the greatest mind of Europe, a Saxon, German-speaking and Latin-writing, should achieve the most perfect expression of his most complicated and subtle thought in French is a culminating fact. And if there were none of the other innumerable reasons, it would be necessary for the world to learn French to have direct access to Leibniz's *Monadologie*. Since in no other language, in no translation, can his exact meaning be understood.

It will be said: That is too high a model for the common cultured man;—that is true. But the French instrument was so nearly perfect that it could then also be used by the common man. Voltaire was the common man, as his protest against Leibniz in *Candide* well shows, and no man has any excuse for not understanding Voltaire.

That this high standard has been kept is proved by a long line of writers to the present time. Anatole France is as universally accessible as Voltaire.

It must be pointed out that there is in the world at present no other universal prose—that is to say, no kind of prose that can be truly studied and, if not imitated, at least adapted, by any cultured man in any language in the world. English has an amazing collection of the works of great poets from the time of Chaucer until today. English also has an unbelievable accumulation of great prose from Francis Bacon again to the present. But, and this is the important point, each great English master of prose writes his own prose —writes his own English, and it is peculiar to him and you cannot learn to write English prose. Each new writer of prose in English, if he is to be good, is condemned to invent his own art: to create his own instrument. That is the price that the English have paid and are paying for the predominance of their poetry, which overshadows all their achievements, however, great, in prose. But in French literature you go to the poets only for amusement or pleasure or joy. The prose tradition is so continuous, so solid, that poetry has never been allowed to break into it and break it up. For the two solid centuries of their highest culture, the seventeenth and eighteenth, the French have practically no poetry (except as fragmentary illumination in prose writing). Then the forms of mind and thinking of

the French were settled and remain now as they were. Therefore any man anywhere who wishes to learn how to write prose must study Pascal, La Bruyère, Voltaire, Stendhal and Anatole France. When he has been through that course thoroughly and successfully then he can write good prose even in Zulu if need be.

Thus we come back to the cathedrals. In the minds of those that built the cathedrals their faith was universal, their beauty was universal and they were right to this extent—that an Indian who looks, in the cathedral of Bourges, at that sculptured peasant Noah turning his back on God and not listening to God's exhortations while planting vines, understands at once and unerringly. But there was of course far too much of the world that the cathedral makers did not know about. And far too much of their own thought that the rest of the world could not understand. Their universality was a desire and a dream. So the French spirit turned to the other medium of speech and, as the world evolved and came nearer and nearer to understanding all its parts, in each of its parts, the French produced this new instrument of universality—French prose.

This implies much beyond mere perfection of form. It implies the deep-seated philosophical and religious belief that fundamentally mankind is one and can express itself everywhere through similar means and that one cultured man anywhere can understand another cultured man anywhere, be they Indian, Chinese, Negro, Russian, American or whatever else a man may be. The French classics wrote for the whole world. Man, to them, was man, everywhere the image of God, everywhere essentially the same whatever the differences in appearance.

Such is the true message of the French, such is the contribution of the French spirit to the making of a world spirit.

Models to be studied in order to acquire the art of prose :—

Pascal : *Lettres à un Provincial—Pensées*
La Rochefoucauld : *Maximes*
La Bruyère : *Les Caractères*
Fenelon : *Lettre à l'Académie*
Madame de Sévigné : *Lettres*
Leibniz : *Monadologie*
Voltaire : *Candide—Histoire de Charles XII—Lettres*
Diderot : *Le Neveu de Rameau—Lettres*
Augustin Thierry : *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*
Stendhal : *Le Rouge et le Noir*
Flaubert : *La Tentation de Saint Antoine—Lettres*
Renan : *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*
Anatole France : *La Révolte des Anges.*

DENIS SAURAT

THE HARIJAN ASHRAM

[Untouchability wherever it is found is a denial of human brotherhood and of the innate dignity of man. In India, social and religious orthodoxy plays the rôle which economic rivalry and colour prejudice play in the U. S. A. There are many who wring their hands over the Harijans' plight to a few who actively attempt to remove their disabilities, not all of which are imposed from without. **Munshi Iswar Saran,** President of the Harijan Sewak Sangh, Allahabad, writes here of a most promising constructive effort to ameliorate their state without the drastic step of taking them out of their Hindu context.

—ED.]

The talk of post-war reconstruction is filling the atmosphere. Some people are building high hopes on it. I am afraid I cannot share their enthusiasm. I firmly hold that as long as humanity continues to occupy its present stage of evolution, so long will this talk fail to achieve any substantial results. Even the so-called advanced countries of the world have not gone beyond the stage of nationalism. Truly is it said that in any conflict between national and international policies, the national policy wins. The disabilities based on race, colour, class or sex will disappear only when universal brotherhood becomes a reality. To take only two instances, one from the "advanced" West and the other from the "backward" East. The Negro problem confronts America; the depressed-class problem stares India in the face.

It is a matter for thankfulness that there is one Indian who has awakened in a rapidly-increasing number of his countrymen a sense of their responsibility to the depressed classes. Even Mahatma Gandhi's political opponents bear testimony to this wonderful achievement. An Ex-Viceroy of India said to a friend of mine, "You may not agree with his politics but we have to agree that he will go down in history as one of the liberators of mankind."

Mahatma Gandhi's inspiration has led to the establishment of the Harijan Ashram—the Home of Harijans or depressed classes—at Allahabad, the *de jure* capital of the United Provinces in the north of India.

His Excellency Sir Maurice Hallett, the Governor of the United Provinces, considers the Harijan Ashram to be a somewhat unique institution. In one of his speeches at the Ashram, Sir Maurice observed:—

Here you have a fine site, a very healthy site, away from the town, where many more buildings can be erected as soon as you get necessary funds. I feel sure that these funds will be rapidly forthcoming, that you will shortly be able to add to this hospital and thereby carry out a very desirable project of training women of the depressed classes to become mid-wives

and nurses. Nothing can be more valuable than that form of training.. ..Nursing is very badly needed in all the hospitals that I have ever come across. You will also have an industrial school where members of these classes can learn something which will enable them to earn their living; but above all you will have a centre where members of these classes will get trained, educated and uplifted.

In another speech at the Ashram the Governor observed, "As long as he carries on this work, we may be certain that it will grow well and that the India which he foresees, in which there will be none of these social distinctions between various castes and creeds will be a happier and better country." The Ashram is out to destroy on the one hand the superiority complex of the so-called higher castes and on the other the inferiority complex of the Harijans. The Harijan Ashram stands for equality of opportunity, for the growth and development for every Indian irrespective of caste, creed, class or sex. It seeks to obliterate all senseless distinctions.

We believe in propaganda. On the banks of the Ganges in this holy city an annual religious fair is held to which come men and women mostly from villages, who are supposed to be very conservative in their ways of living and habits of thought. During the day we preach to them and expose the utter absurdity of untouchability and at night there come to our camp sweepers, men as well as women, who are engaged by the authorities to keep the place clean. Our work among sweepers is extremely heartening. Their response to our appeal for a purer, cleaner and higher life is encouraging. They are ready to change themselves and they are eager to listen to advice given in love and brotherliness. Condescension they resent, and rightly. For several years this work has been going on, to our great satisfaction and joy. Those sweepers who come to our camp gain a new outlook and acquire confidence in themselves and in their future. What delights them is the equality of treatment. We sing together devotional songs, we take part in common prayer, we listen together to the recital of religious books. Similar propaganda we carry on at other fairs as well.

At the Ashram we have a dispensary where everyone is welcome. Hindus, Muslims and Christians freely use it. No distinction of any kind is made between one patient and another. Harijans appreciate this equality and come in large numbers. Here they feel that they are the equals of others and they feel pleased. They are hungering for equality. It is our ambition to develope this dispensary into a hospital.

There is also a Primary School which admits boys and girls of all castes and communities, Harijan children being in the majority. We are opposed to segregation because it is apt to perpetuate the distinction we are striving to remove. We are against the separate schools and

hostels for Harijans strangely advocated by some short-sighted Harijans themselves. At the moment we are considering ways and means of developing and expanding our educational activity.

In addition to the Primary School, we have a Vocational School. Here are taught useful crafts such as the manufacture of cane articles and leather goods and tailoring etc. Along with vocational education, they receive cultural training as well. It is our settled plan to change the mentality of the Harijan boys and girls who come to our Ashram from different districts. We make them feel that they are as good Indians as the rest of the population.

There are two hostels, one for boys and another for girls. Harijans among themselves observe most rigid caste distinctions. Inter-dining and intermarriage are rigorously forbidden. But we insist on all the inmates of these hostels joining the common mess. Our attempt has been perfectly successful so far. This is regarded by some competent and far-sighted people as a notable achievement. These two hostels in a surprisingly short time produce a marked change in the children. They become cleaner and stronger in body as well as mind. They have their morning and evening prayers, go to school during the day and play games in the afternoon. Many visitors have told me that they can detect no distinction between these and the children of "Caste Hindus."

An ex-Governor of a Province asked me several years ago if in my opinion the depressed classes would ever come up to the level of other communities. My unhesitating answer was in the affirmative. My subsequent experience has confirmed my opinion. In far less time than many of us dare anticipate, many of the depressed classes by judicious training can rise to the stage of other classes. What we need are men as well as women of the right type who will take up the work in true missionary spirit. They are infinitely more important than funds. My personal faith is that no institution which has truth and sincerity is allowed to languish for want of funds. I am eager to welcome such workers at the Ashram.

To proceed with the description: There is a place called Shankergarh in the interior of this district. A large colony of Kols—a primitive section of Harijans—whose main occupation is the breaking of stones, is to be found there. When we established our branch at Shankergarh these people rubbed their eyes in wonder and amazement and exclaimed, "Why bother about us? What is it that we need? We are perfectly happy." These poor people cannot count at all and when they get their wages, they are unable to calculate whether they have received the correct amount. Now they are beginning to appreciate our labours. They send their children to our school and they take part in other activities started by us. For the first time in their history a Kol boy

came to our hostel at Allahabad.

The Ashram has a business side as well. It is our aspiration to make the Ashram self-supporting. We have a tannery and a workshop. We make cane articles and leather goods for sale in the open market. Our products are gaining popularity as the conviction is spreading that they are thoroughly genuine. It is being realised that the Ashram will take no unfair advantage of its customers because it has certain ideals to follow. A famous business man said to me once, "You will succeed in the long run as you will be scrupulously clean in your dealings." Of course we lack technical or business experience and that is a handicap. I am working in the faith that in spite of all difficulties we shall ultimately succeed in our business. We are engaged in a novel experiment for an institution like ours but one thing is certain. The Harijans who are working at the Ashram have begun to realise that honesty is the best policy and there is no great conflict between idealism and business.

The Ashram stands on a site of twenty acres. The Defence Department of the Government of India has given us a lease of over thirty-two acres contiguous to our site. We have started agriculture and very soon we hope to give agricultural training to our boys. On the land leased to us by the Defence Department we hope to have a model village when prices become reasonable.

The Ashram unquestionably has an ambitious scheme. I am glad the Governor of the United Provinces has formed a correct estimate of our aim. He said in a speech at the Ashram :—

Every scheme that has got to be successful must be promoted by ambitious people who but for their ambition will never succeed. I am very glad to see the spirit of ambition here, the intention to develop this work, to get the work spreading in ever-widening circles, not merely in the locality of Allahabad itself, not merely in the United Provinces, but even in other sister Provinces and other parts of India, thereby to destroy that evil of untouchability.

For the realization of our aim, we have finally and irrevocably decided that the Ashram will keep itself entirely aloof from all politics. In truth and reality we do not allow politics to come anywhere near the Ashram. We gratefully receive help and sympathy from every person of good-will, irrespective of faith, race or politics. We object to no one on the ground of politics. The only condition on which we insist is that he should keep his politics to himself and should not bring them into the Ashram. Among our donors and supporters we have Congress men, Liberals and also those who have no politics at all. The names of a few of our friends and donors will illustrate this point. They are :—Mahatma Gandhi, the late Lord Lothian, Pandit Jawaharal Nehru, Sir Aubrey Metcalfe, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Sir Frank Noyce, the Rt. Hon. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Sir Henry Craik,

The Rt. Hon. M. R. Jayakar, the Nawab Sahib of Chhatari, the Raja Sahib of Tamkohi, the Raja Sahib of Shankergarh, the Catholic and Protestent Bishops of the United Provinces, Sir Shafaat Ahmad Khan and Khan Bahadur Syed Abu Mohammad. We have an Indian Christian on the Working Committee. It is my well-considered opinion that humanitarian movements should on no account be allowed to be mixed up with politics. Personally I do not agree with Dr. Ambedkar's views about the Harijan problem but the Ashram does not concern itself with his politics or those of anybody else.

People congratulate the Ashram on the success achieved by it so far but little is it realised that we have to travel a very long distance indeed before we come anywhere in sight of our goal. The aim of the Ashram is high. It can only be attained through self-purification and self-sacrifice. By the united efforts of Harijans and non-Harijans we desire to raise Harijans to their legitimate position in society. Their disabilities distress us, their present position causes us deep anguish. Those Harijans who come to us learn to walk erect, they begin to feel that they are Indians and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of Indians. A strange transformation takes place in their outlook and it is this welcome change which gives us joy. In this connection Mahatma Gandhi's letter is extremely heartening. He writes :—

It was no trouble but joy to visit the Ashram which you have built up with patient effort. I should repeat the visit whenever possible. Your institution is worthy of full public support. May you live long to serve this essential cause of humanity.

ISWAR SARAN

SEEDS OF WAR

Though the war is reported to be over, the sorry spectacle of mutual resentment and recrimination is still being witnessed the world over. This shows that the nations have not been able to clear their minds of the microbe of war. They have not at all abandoned the philosophy of the fist. It is this, then, which should be first countered before one could hope legitimately for an era of collective peace and prosperity. To this end, "two methods of reorientation" must be adopted, as Gene Weltfish says in a recent issue of *Far Eastern Survey* :—

a more intensive and minute investigation of the local situation as a method of breaking through older stereotypes, and a broad overview on a world scale to give us a perspective on our own life situation."

G. M.

ENGLAND AND INDIA

ESSAYS IN MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

[We bring together here two articles on the vexed problems of Indo-Anglian relations. Both are in dialogue form and both are marked in general by a courtesy and a reasonableness that does credit to their writers' ability to see both sides of a question so important, not only to the two great nations most directly concerned, but also to the larger world. **Sir Colin Garbett**, a distinguished Member of the I. C. S., sympathetic to Indian culture and long identified with Indian affairs, sent us his essay at our request several months ago. To show in parallel columns, as it were, how the same problems look to an Indian publicist of balanced views, we have requested a companion dialogue from **Shri D. V. Gundappa** of the Gokhale Institute of Public Affairs in Bangalore City, inaugurated by himself in February of this year. We publish the two essays side by side without comment: they speak for themselves.—ED.]

I

Englishman: "Well, Rai Bahadur Sahib, it is good to meet you again: and heartiest congratulations on your promotion! Here you are, a full-fledged Inspector General of the State Police—and I, retired and on my way to England. Yet it seems but yesterday that I was a Deputy Commissioner and you my D. S. P.!"

Hindu: "Yesterday, Sahib? To look at you—why, yes! But if I look at the calendar, I find fifteen years and more have passed since our service together started. Does everyone as he ages think the days that are gone better than the days that are?"

E.: "Horace thought so: and I dare say if we could search Egyptian and Sumerian literature we would find others before him had said the same. But I'm not so sure myself. Is not the present the fruit of the past, and was the ploughing and the harrowing, the seedtime and the weeding happier than the harvesting?"

H.: "Is this then your harvest? I read somewhere of food sweet to the taste, but bitter in the belly: and if I compare those old days with these, I think of our relations, the relations between you of the West and us of East, as sweet then and bitter now."

E.: "Oh, but I hope not! I have tried to think the unhappiness of today to be a sort of growing-pain in the process of development: as when the snowdrop pushes aside the earth on her way from darkness to light: from being hidden and unseen to becoming an expression of beauty."

H.: "You always had something of the dreamer in you, Sahib. And you are going back to Europe

with your dreams. We, whose homes are here in India, have to face hard facts, the day-to-day developments. What is: not what might perhaps be: not even what we ourselves would like it to be: and I tell you that, however close the individual friendships of Indians and Englishmen, the resentment of the one race against the other is deeper in quality and more wide-spread than I can remember in my fifty years of life and thirty of service."

E.: "These are sad words. Tell me more. How and why has this come to pass?"

H.: "'How?' and 'Why?' Have you not a proverb: 'As many men, so many opinions?' And if I give you one opinion, you may be sure there are many who will disagree and many who, agreeing in heart, will deny with their mouth. Perhaps silence would be golden."

E.: "No, my friend. Say on. You will not hurt me. Truth is truth: and where there is sincerity there is always an approach to truth."

H.: "There is nothing to hurt you in my thoughts. It was of my fellow countrymen that I was thinking. We in the East cherish what in India we call 'izzat' and in China 'face'—and we have lost face and he who loses face always blames someone else...."

E.: "You puzzle me. Indian heroes are acclaimed in every theatre of war. How have we caused India in any way to lose face?"

H.: "Think back to the Summer of 1942, Sahib. Were not the Congress leaders certain you British were losing the war, and was not the 'Quit India' cry a move to placate Japan? If it wasn't, I for one can see no sense in it.

"Now look at 1945. You have not lost the war: you are winning it. You have not quitted India.

"Say what you will, Congress has lost face: and there is bitterness for many in that thought and that bitterness is directed against you.

"Then, too, there is all this spate of war propaganda. Listen to your radio, your own radio appealing to and claiming to speak on behalf of the 'freedom-loving nations' of the world. Can you think that is sweet hearing for us, so many of whom have, if not a slave mentality, at least much the same thing in more polite phrasing—'an inferiority complex'?"

E.: "Till one knows the disease and has diagnosed its causes, it were idle to discuss a remedy. Is this the full tale of our crime?"

H.: "Frankly, Sahib, no. There is loss of confidence in you: particularly in your sense of justice. Do you really think you give the Hindus a square deal without favouritism to the Muslims? And can you wonder that the Rulers of the States, the staunchest of your staunch friends in this war, thought the Stafford

the shape of the Government of the future."

H.: "You mean that when after the Round Table Conference we were, at our request, given a constitution, we failed to work it: and now, like a petulant child, you are saying, 'Do it yourself.' Is that British? Is that fair?"

E.: "Is it not fair? We did our best in 1935 and failed; we sent you Stafford Cripps—and failed again. It is you who will have to work the constitution. Surely it should be you who should make it. Can India really be ready for self-government if she cannot even agree on a scheme of union?"

H.: "If there were no imponderables that argument would be convincing. But you and I know perfectly well that the human species does not respond exactly to logic: and that there are factors which can be felt and yet not expressed, that carry weight and yet cannot be weighed. One of the most important of such factors is prestige: and the prestige that attaches to Government is both incalculable and very, very great. In all fairness you cannot balance the proposals of politicians outside a Cabinet against the decisions of a Government....

"No. In my opinion that argument is a makeshift, a paper umbrella, that will give shade from the sun, but split to pieces in a hail-storm."

E.: "A good point. In any case we need not labour either my view or yours. For, if we are agreed that a constitution has got to be framed, I must admit that ultimately Government will have to be responsible for it, whether the drafting is prepared within or without the Government, or even by another Round Table Conference. So let Government forward the draft! But should the draft ensure that India remains within the Empire? An independent but linked India is a very different proposition from an India independent or hostile."

H.: "Some Indians are so bitter that the first thing they would do in a free India would be to strive to cut adrift from England. The proportion of these is very difficult to estimate but I cannot think they are a majority. The Indians, like the British, have a shrewd sense of self-interest: and no student of Economics would want to risk the benefit of the sterling balances piled up to his country's credit, to lose the protection of the Empire, or to face the new world that the Peace will bring into being, without their old trade connections. No. They will want all this but there is one condition and that condition must inexorably be fulfilled."

E.: "And what is that?"

H.: "A condition you could have given us long ago: a condition which has coloured even this conversation of ours. If we are

to lose the inferiority complex, you must lose your superiority complex. That is really what is at the bottom of all our differences. This is our country. You have helped us to realise this. You treat us, some of you, as if we were hardly fit to live in it, much less to rule it. Even your Viceroy and his Government are constantly being asked by members of Parliament to report on most trivial things as though only in London was there governing ability. No. All this must stop. It is the atmosphere that must be changed: the political situation has only to be developed."

E.: "Here, too, I do not think you need worry. The atmosphere is changing rapidly. Thinking men and women, voters, have come to India willy-nilly with the new Army. Their eyes are open. They would never vote for the maintenance of the old *mān-bāp* régime, happy as many of its incidents were. Power will be transferred: but with the transfer let there be no bitterness: and after the transfer let there be straight dealing between man and man. Let us drop our complexes and work together at the new constitution. But in that constitution protect the under dog! Well, here we are at the quay side: and there is my boat. Good-bye, my friend. God be with you!"

H.: "And with you, Sahib! Your own poet said

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

May there be great fulfilment: a fair harvest of the seed you and your fellow labourers have sown."

COLIN GARBETT

II

Professor Thomas: "Well, Mr. Krishna, these valuable tokens of affection and regard from my students will help me to re-live mentally the good long years of my service in your country. I'm sure my wife and I will be very happy to see these beautiful things around us in our Sussex home and think of all they represent. But I wonder if you will ever completely forgive me for the differences I have had with some of you on questions of Indian politics."

Mr. Krishna: "Why, Sir; what is there that needs forgiving? Our political discussions were meant only to clarify and test our ideas; and they would have been valueless if differences of view had not been stated freely and frankly. Your criticisms were always helpful to us in making us re-examine our notions. And so you have done us only good."

T. : " It is very good of you to put it that way. But I don't think it is an attitude common among your people. Politics has been a dominant obsession with you young men for some years, and you are easily irritated when anybody expresses disagreement. "

K. : " Of course it is possible that we in India have been giving thought to politics a little more than people of the corresponding class in your country. But then you British have your politics in your own hands and have therefore no need to bother about it. But we Indians are still aspirants to a similar position in our country and are naturally apt to be more excited about it. It is the sick man who is constantly worrying about his health. The strong man is naturally careless of it and can have no patience with the moanings of the ailing. "

T. : " I don't mind your being keen and ardent. But what I don't understand is your hurry and your inappreciation of the need to learn and prepare for politics. In your haste and impatience, you even forget to be just. "

K. : " I should be sorry if that were so. But are we having enough opportunities to learn and prepare ? And if, in asking for more opportunities, we sometimes seem a bit impatient, is it fair to construe it as disregard for justice ? "

T. : " That is no doubt an important point. But what do you mean by opportunities ? Have you not got Legislative Councils made up of your own representatives who can discuss policies and suggest improvements ? Are not your own men in high Executive offices ? Have you not got Local and Municipal Institutions in which your civic spirit can find expression and through which improvements can be effected in the conditions of towns and villages ? And are there not Schools and Colleges to give you education in the sciences and the arts of modern civilization ? Are not all these opportunities ? "

K. : " Of course they are. And we have not been slow to take advantage of them either. But our complaint is that they are not sufficient—not sufficient to meet even a half of our actual need. The fact is—unless political power at its highest levels is wielded by the authentic representatives of the nation, it is futile to look for any high standards of efficiency and usefulness in the working of the subordinate limbs of government. What's the use of your giving us control of the canals and conduits of a reservoir while keeping the keys to its sluice-gates in your own hands ?

" What will happen if you build a wall round a plant and cover it with a roof, leaving just a few feet of vacant space around the plant ? Either the plant will soon

wither away, or it will burst the walls and shoot through the roof. It is not realism to argue that the plant must fill every inch of the unfilled space with branch and twig and leaf before it may ask for any space outside the structure. Similar, it seems to me, is the condition of living and growing for a people. The final power of directing and controlling their government must be absolutely theirs. They must be free to lay out plans for their self-development on their own lines and to have those plans carried out to their own best satisfaction. It's only then that all the brain centres of the nation could be roused to work to their optimum capacity."

T.: "So, you would dispense with training and preparation for the responsibility of government. You would simply jump at once into seats of power and take up the business of the country to be managed by your uninstructed impulses and amateur enthusiasms. That is hardly my conception of a country's fitness for self-government. To me, government is a most serious affair involving the destinies of millions; and I should shudder to think of letting mere amateurs meddle with it."

K.: "Not that we have ourselves not realized the magnitude of the responsibility. But we believe that in administration and statesmanship, as in all practical arts, the best way of learning is in actually beginning to do things. The most effective way of learning to swim is not sitting on the shore and studying books on hydrostatics, but in actually taking a plunge into the lake. The surest way of learning to sing is not in listening to lectures on the theory of music and sound-transmission, but in setting the vocal cords in motion and trying to produce the most agreeable sounds one can. Similarly, in politics, the best way of acquiring practical skill and proficiency is in actually taking the burdens of administration on one's shoulders with all attendant risks. After all, the method of trial and error has been the way of progress for every country in the world, even your country not excluded. You British however want to protect us against possibilities of error and therein you deny us the opportunity of trial. How then are we ever to learn?"

T.: "Need there be no limit then to the risks you would take? For example, you started the cry of 'Quit India' two years ago. Suppose we had taken you at your word and bade 'good-bye' to your country, do you think you would have continued to live in peace and safety? Would you not have been exposed to attack by Japan? And, even apart from that, would you not have had to suffer the conditions of civil war—Muslims arrayed

against Hindus ? "

K. : " You must let me correct, Sir, a slight misconception. No one in India ever wanted Britain to retire from her campaign against Japan. On that point, I think, everybody was clear. Indeed, the implication always was, on our side, that if India were made free, she would of her own accord join the United Nations in the war against Japan. I shall therefore not pursue that point further. "

T. : " But are you sure there was no feeling among your people at that time that England was losing the war to Germany and Japan and that it was the right time therefore for harrassing England and driving a hard bargain ? "

K. : " I won't undertake to say that there were no people at all who read the signs and calculated chances that way. But you cannot hold such people guilty of any great moral lapse. All you could say is that they were short-sighted and mistaken. After all, who does not take chances and drive bargains in dealing with a foreign country ? Has England never done so ? The pertinent fact in our case is that England has, by her own behaviour, destroyed the faith of many people in her willingness to deal by India fairly and squarely and so tempted them into the pitiless ways of opportunism. "

T. : " I suppose you would lay the blame for Hindu-Muslim quarrels also at England's door. "

K. : " I am afraid she cannot escape at least a large share in the blame. You will remember that for nearly a quarter of a century after the birth of the Indian National Congress, the political mind of India hadn't even suspected the possibility of the emergence of such a problem. Everybody in the early days thought in terms of India and Indian Nationality. Every member of the Congress was an Indian first and a Hindu or a Muslim or a Sikh or a Parsi only afterwards. This sense of national oneness had become solidified into a fact and had become a portent in the eyes of Lord Minto. And then started the imperialist game of setting the Mussulman by the ears, and it is being continued to this day. It is a kind of game that an unscrupulous lawyer on the look-out for clients is said to play upon a prosperous family of brothers in the neighbourhood. He has only to call aside one member of the family and whisper to him in horrified accents that he is being made the unwitting victim of his brother's selfish plot, and that if he does not look out he will find himself thrown on the street before many days. The bitter seed of grievance once sown does not take long to strike root and grow. The only hope of destroying the noxious weed is in securing that

there is no one to water and tend it any longer. So long as there are any left to whom the shade of the poisonous plant is a convenient refuge, you may be sure it will be kept thriving.

"It is the realization of this psychological fact that made Mr. Gandhi ask for the withdrawal of the British. When Britain is no longer here to breed and encourage discontent in the Muslim camp and point to that circumstance as a source of danger to Hindus, and then to use the fear-complex so generated on both sides as a justification for her own self-perpetuation in power, then Muslims and Hindus are bound to make peace with each other as inescapable sharers in a common destiny."

T.: "So, you would justify the '*Quit India*' campaign of Mr. Gandhi and all the grim events that followed it; would you?"

K.: "Frankly, I am unable to see anything morally wrong either in that cry or in what followed. The disturbances were the people's reaction to the Government's acts of repression."

T.: "And the Government was wicked, I suppose, to have been so stern in putting down the disturbances?"

K.: "Who says that? The Government only did its own duty in using its force to restore peace. It is all a part of the game. In a tug-of-war, both sides must play their parts."

T.: "And your cheers are for both—disturbers of peace as well as those who punish them?"

K.: "Everyone regrets the outburst of violence and the damage done to property, and the drastic measures the Government was obliged to adopt. But that regret is a secondary feeling, like the regret felt when, in the process of a surgical operation, the patient has lost some blood and some useful cloth has gone as bandage. Our primary regret should be that occasion was ever given for that outburst of popular indignation."

T.: "Then you don't disapprove of the method adopted by the populace to express what you call its indignation?"

K.: "Well, while I would myself not recommend that method, I can't bring myself to call those who preferred it, guilty. The choice of means and method is after all a matter of individual temperament and individual discrimination. What seems appropriate to me may not seem so to you."

T.: "Do you suggest, Mr. Krishna, that really there can be no general ethical test in this matter? Is there no universally applicable standard of Right and Wrong?"

K.: "I do not say so. Certainly there ought to be the most careful regard possible paid to the moral aspect of means and methods. But in the case before us, I maintain that there has been no

violation of moral principles. Here are people out to throw off the foreign yoke and win their rightful liberty. That object is surely not immoral. Next, in their attempts to achieve that object, they have given a patient and prolonged trial to the method of non-violent agitation and seen it prove infructuous. On the other hand, the Government went on from repression to greater repression. The popular leaders were all spirited away. But the urge in the people's heart for their country's independence and for the liberty of their leaders was not killed that way; and it had to express itself in some form of action. And the disturbances of 1942 were its most natural form."

T.: "So, you suggest that the end justifies the means?"

K.: "That is not my position. My position is that the end and the means are both of a kind approved in the world's political history. Was not the *risorgimento* of Italy an armed rising? Was not Garibaldi admired and adored for leading it? Did not America rise in rebellion in order to win her independence? Has the course of liberty in your own country always run along paths of bloodless persuasion and sober peace?"

T.: "Why, then, do you not openly advocate armed revolt? Why do you applaud the gospel of Non-violence? Is there no hypocrisy in your double-faced policy of secretly supporting and openly condemning the use of physical force?"

K.: "I'm sorry there is a slight confusion in that remark. I was considering only the ethical side of the question, and not its practical side. For practical action, it is not enough that a policy is merely ethically faultless. There are other considerations besides those of ethics to count in the field of action. Is a course of action that is morally allowable likely to prove practically profitable also? With the moralists must unite the judges of prudence and of good sense in recommending a course of action. Would it be expedient for the people of India to resort to physical force in their struggle for independence? Would world-opinion approve of an armed rising on the part of India against England, the joint history of the two countries having been, on the whole, one of a mutually beneficial friendship for over a hundred and fifty years? These are other questions, to me just as valid and binding as the tests of moral principles. Indeed, a conscientious consideration of both expediency and decency is to my mind only a larger morality. But then, the difficulty in judging of expediency is that men's notions and calculations are apt to differ widely. You and I may agree as to the content of a moral definition. But it may not be so

easy for us to agree in our reading of a given situation and in our evaluation of the forces at play, and therefore in our judgment of what the advantageous course of action is. After all, in the field of practical action, it is the event that applies the final test; and we pass judgment according as the effort has succeeded or failed. Retrospectively viewed, the 1942 disturbances are an unfortunate affair; and Englishmen endowed with good sense and understanding will not be too particular to remember it, I am sure."

T.: "Does it matter very much to you how Englishmen view that episode—Englishmen whom you have asked to quit?"

K.: "I beg your pardon. '*Quit India*' is only a part of that slogan; and I'm sure, if you heard the whole of it, you wouldn't object at all."

T.: "What is it? Is its full form —'Quit, or get killed?'"

K.: "You must let me say you aren't kind there. You know we Indians aren't of that type. The full slogan is this: 'Quit as Rulers and keep on as Friends.' India certainly needs the friendship of Britain. What she prays against is domination by Britain."

T.: "But do you not see that we British are ourselves anxious to relieve ourselves of your problem? Have not our statesmen declared from positions of authority that Britain's object is to see that India gets a constitution of her own which all sections of her people accept and then to leave her free to work out her future according to her own wish and capacity?"

K.: "They have said so, often enough. Their words, however, convey a promise to the ear, but a denial to the heart."

T.: "Why that distrust? Is it fair to doubt their honesty?"

K.: "You see, Professor, England, like most human beings, has two minds or two impulses:—one altruistic, the other egoistic, one self-sacrificing, the other acquisitive; one represented by your Burkes and your Brights, the other by your Curzons and your Churchills. And your practical statesman always has a way of prevailing against your idealist. Hard experience has taught us that the British imperialist is a born casuist. He is a past-master of the art of so encumbering his generous intentions with fair-seeming conditions that, in practice, the intentions will stand ever neutralized by the conditions."

T.: "Which are the conditions you would have omitted from the recent announcement of British policy?"

K.: "I think their insistence on absolute unity among Indian parties as a precondition for a move forward is a matter of imperialist strategy. Our rulers

have made sure that it is a condition impossible of fulfilment by seeing to it that the parties concerned are always at daggers drawn against one another. Your lips ask for unity while your hands pursue division. Look at the Cripps scheme—with its offer of independence counterbalanced by the offer to partition the country if the Muslims only want it."

T.: "Then you would have the British disown their obligations towards sections of the population that are educationally backward, economically unprosperous, and socially unprominent. You would have us take no notice of those who as a minority in the country are afraid that they will not be able to protect their religion and culture against harm from the majority."

K.: "I do not say so at all. Do, by all means, make liberal provision in the constitution for guaranteeing protection to the backward and the minorities. Only, do not make their disgruntlements an excuse either for encouraging separatism or for holding up the progress of the country as a whole. After all, there are limits to the safeguards which any constitution can embody. Britain surely is not hoping to provide in the constitution an exhaustive solution for all likely problems for all time for India. Some day in the not far distant future, the country will have to be left to itself; and the various groups in the country will then have to make peace with one another. The real and ultimate solvent of all discontents and troubles is good-will and brotherliness. Nothing therefore should be done, in the process of constitution-making, which is likely to diminish the sense, among the people, of fellow-partnership in a common destiny."

T.: "Your theory sounds attractive. But you seem not to realize Britain's perplexity. In one breath you want Britain to abide by the wishes of the people of India. In another breath you want Britain to do things in spite of the known apprehensions and susceptibilities of large groups of people. Where then is there guidance for her?"

K.: "There is guidance, my dear Professor, in England's own history, in her own literature, in her own Soul. The message of her whole history, apart from her relations with India, has been one of the fellowship of the people in State-life and civic responsibility. It is a message of the people's brotherhood in democratic citizenship and national self-dependence. It is from this stand-point that England has to think of her mission to India. The entire process of education through which she has taken us these 100 years, has inculcated in our minds that message of fellow-feeling and free

citizenship in an undenominational, unsectarian State. Where the bulk of the Indian people have accepted this teaching of Britain's political evolution, there can be no doubt as to the course that England must in fairness to herself adopt. All-Indian Unity, Democratic Polity and International Equality are points on which the best minds of both England and India are agreed. These ideals, therefore, should be accepted as the light for England's footsteps."

T.: "That is an inspiring theme indeed. And now that you have as Viceroy an Englishman with a fine reputation for fair-mindedness and courage and high prestige as a defender of Right and Freedom and also a new Government in England with a name for sympathy for India as well as for love of democratic progress, I think we may look forward to the dawn of a new era for India."

K.: "And as you have served this country all these years, according to your opportunities, in educating our youth and in interpreting Britain's conscience to us, I am sure you will, when in your country, continue your service of India by using your voice and your influence, according to your opportunities there, for promoting the cause of India's independence and peace and her strength to be of service to the international world.

D. V. GUNDAPPA

CULTURAL CONTRIBUTION

The idea of cultural unity as a living growth was presented by Mr. T. S. Eliot in an interview with Mr. J. P. Hodin, which appears in *Horizon* for August under the title "The Condition of Man Today." The West, and especially America and Russia, were thinking in terms of engineering,

> You can design a machine... you can make it so that the machine will be exactly what it is meant to be from drawings and specifications, but a tree you have just to plant and wait for.... Unity is something which has to grow, develop...it is a living thing, not a building.

To such a unity, obviously, each cultural unit has to make, directly or indirectly, its contribution. Humanity, of course, is one and all the potentialities of the whole are in each unit but the races of men do differ in the general line which their development has fallowed and their cultural contribution will naturally be in terms of their development and trends. The consistently spiritual tone or trend of Indian culture seems to confirm Mr. Eliot's suggestion that "the possibilities which a country has to give in cultural influence are in a way given almost from the beginning as characteristics of that people." The spiritual inheritance of India is of obvious value as an offset to the modern trend towards the "exaggerated mechanisation" which Mr. Eliot deplores.

But the power of the Indian spirit is not spent. India's sons of today may take heart and hope from Mr. Eliot's belief that, while the characteristics of a country may develop with progress, "what a country will give in the future will be what it gave in the past."

JOHN GALSWORTHY

[**Shri V. R. Bashyam** pays here a discriminating tribute to a great English novelist. John Galsworthy had pre-eminently the quality of dispassion so irritating to the propagandist and to the extremist—the ability to see both sides. He was a great artist and a great lover of his kind. Whether his works survive or not, the International P. E. N. Club will live—a monument to his conviction that "human life without friendliness is not worth having."—ED.]

In the modern era no author's work has witnessed such a complete transformation, from cold, scornful, condemnatory analysis to fervent admiration, as that of John Galsworthy. He was born in Surrey in 1867. After the manner of the scions of the English aristocracy he passed through Harrow and Oxford and then qualified himself for the Bar. With a view to specialising in Naval Law, he travelled abroad, covering America, Russia and the Near and Far East. How his wide travel in those parts helped him in his profession is hard to tell, for he practised very little. It is equally hard to tell how his peregrination helped him in his literary career. For his novels rarely have any other location than England and particularly Devon. Unlike Conrad, whom he met in one of his voyages before Conrad had earned his literary eminence, and for whom he had a solid attachment and appreciation throughout his life, he found material for his writing in the country of his birth. It elevates him above ordinary writers whose incapacity to utilise the material near at hand drives them to draw from foreign sources and fire the ignorant public with a school-boy craze for exotic lands.

Galsworthy not only ignored this trick to recruit cheap popularity but he eschewed didactics as a bait to readers who look on books as teaching manuals. Such words as "works infused with the author's personality" can never be applied to his books. What one gathers of Galsworthy through the pages of his innumerable novels and dramas will be a blank. Thus the kind of readers who try to glimpse the author through his books are alienated. He sets out his thoughts subtly, for his own mission's sake, for art's sake, unconsciously, and deliberately for no man. His admirers are those who have offered their homage voluntarily, attracted by that form of artistic genius which does not beg for admirers.

A film critic (of all people) while discussing the unsuitability of Galsworthy's plays and novels for filming said disparagingly that his mania for property submerged all his talents. This most unerudite valuation need not be considered at all if it were not an echo of the remarks of other, intelligent, people who accuse Galsworthy of portraying one

class of people only. As such, it must be analysed in detail. His great novels are about the upper middle class of England. In this age of Marxian ideas there is bound to be an adverse view of novels which stress the essentials of property. Property, whether it is a virtue or a vice, is a legacy from our primitive ancestors. Their law of possession has been so impressed on the human mind for thousands of years that any change, if it has to enlist public opinion in its favour, must be not only material but psychological also. The history of fifty years ago tells us how the Tolstoyan ideals of the nullification of the law of possession had a ludicrous effect on the devotees of the ideals, themselves. The Soviet Republic, the biggest unit which has tried to enforce the ideals, has of recent years swung slowly to principles which are sheer negation of the ideals which the founders dreamt to incorporate in their state.

While property as such is not reprehensible, the tyranny of the have's, which property breeds, is loathsome. Galsworthy attacks the love of property for property's sake. He champions the under dog and takes umbrage against the wealthy leisured for their blind materialism, their lack of comprehension of the sufferings of the poor and their synthetic detached existence. He does this dispassionately in his drama *Strife*. But he is not a violent propagandist waving a red flag with sickle and hammer and murdering or starving millions because they dissent. Propaganda is not his *métier;* the art which he practises compels him to use the form of passionate pleading to give a noble effect. When we consider that he arranged to give the whole amount of his Nobel Prize to the International P. E. N., we discern in him a soul who, like some of the noble characters of his novels, dispensed property for the betterment of humanity. Comparison may be odious, but the case of a Shaw, every character of whose dramas preaches hotbed communism, clinging to his property with tenacity, illuminates the passionate sympathy of a Galsworthy who tepidly preaches but passionately practises.

Galsworthy does not suggest the remedy for the evils he portrays. He strictly forces his mind to be a vacuum on this point, though it is a plenum with a burning pity for the oppressed. He is not a prophet in the irrational sense in which the term is understood; he is a sympathiser though he refuses to don the robe of a social reformer, for he is more interested in the art of writing. The evils of the social system are adjuncts to his art, as plots are. He works with the conscience and the power of a true artist and it would be stupid to expect from him a moralising tone or abusive propaganda.

It will be sufficient to consider the immortal novel *The Man of Property* and his great play *Strife* to show the artist in him. *The Man of Property* is

on its face a satire on the propertied class. The Forsytes' chief aim in life is possession. They possess money, houses and treasures and the importance they attach to them is not because they are good but because they possess them. Soames Forsyte includes in his list of possessions even his wife Irene. Irene resents her rôle of a chattel. She is not the strong, self-confident woman, whom Galsworthy eschews in his novels, but a soft, passionate woman with a fluid temperament, ornamenting the house of Forsyte as the fine birch trees do the garden. She and her lover are the antitheses to the Forsytes. Bosinney is a man who has no heed for property but when he realises that the woman whom he has wanted to possess is possessed by another man, he commits suicide.

Galsworthy, though decrying property, subtly hints that the law of possession has taken root in the heart of every man. This point is a red rag to the critic who does not see the artist in him. Though the Forsytes have properties, they are not heartless; readers are given the idea that they have some greatness and are slyly attracted. Galsworthy implies that the love of property does not make a man a demon, though propaganda novelists would ask one to believe so. It would be a mistake to say that Galsworthy sympathises with them. It is crystal clear that his sympathies are definitely on Irene's side, so that she outshines others in characterisation. As he is an artist, he paints them completely, unwilling to separate the good from the bad, though the bad may be in preponderance. The characters are not merely good and evil or, to put it correctly, the reprehensible and the irreprehensible contending for power; they are human etchings from life.

Galsworthy is a master of situation. He uses situations more than characters to make his novels live. Situations are more pliable in a drama than in a novel and this gives a weightage to his dramas and places them in a superior position. That is why even the most searching and bitter critics praise his dramas, though with reserve. He is neither a purely literary dramatist nor the popular playwright of the ephemeral variety. He has a profound understanding of form and is a master of craft. As in his novels, the central situation has a high moral tone. He does not use dialogue to enliven the plot as other dramatists do but leaves it to his masterly arrangement of situation. His is a unique type.

In *Strife* the two contrasting parties, with grievances real and imaginary, are shown in the Directors of the Works and the employees. If the striking workers are starving, the shareholders are missing their perennial dividends. The situation takes the upper hand, shoving both the obstinate directors and the recalcitrant labour leader to the background, and both parties surrender to each other. On a small canvas this may be the mirror of the strug-

gles of labour and capital but it can also be taken as a miniature deftly painted, symbolising both a great situation like a war among nations and a simple family quarrel. The leaders are swept away. Their demands are not conceded; some that are, recoil with a vengeance on those who put them forward. The end sees both parties in a deplorable state, neither victorious nor vanquished.

Galsworthy does not use prose as a vehicle to carry his novel or drama over the usual literary obstacles. The orthodox grammarian who would refuse to enter heaven if St. Peter welcomed him with an ungrammatical epigram may complain that Galsworthy splits his infinitives and has a propensity to start a sentence with an "and" or a "but." Then, as he would miss entering heaven, so he will miss the æsthetic solace that will be his if he reads Galsworthy.

Galsworthy is neither a pedant nor a purist. He does not use words for words' sake or to dazzle his readers. He rarely needs the inept trick for he has no deficiencies to cover. The meaning of words means more to him than form or sound. He marshals them according to their sequence to achieve a masterly effect. Consider for example the scene in *The Man of Property* when Irene comes home after meeting her lover for the first time.

She seemed afire, so deep and rich the colour of her cheeks, her eyes, her lips and of the unusual blouse she wore. She was breathing fast and deep as though she had been running and with every breath perfume seemed to come from her hair and from her body like perfume from an opening flower. He lifted his finger towards her breast, but she dashed his hand aside. "Don't touch me," she cried. He caught her wrist, she wrenched it away. "And where have you been?" he asked. "In heaven—out of this house." With these words she fled upstairs.

Here is a fine piece of prose. His capacity for judicious selection of words empowers him to handle dialogue with significant effect. The efforts are not wasted in unwholesome verbiage nor do harsh phrases jar upon the ear. The effect is as of fine pebbles glistening on the bed of a brook, not hindering the smooth flow of the stream.

If his novels and dramas were great, greater was the man. His uprightness and the rigid moral tone of his life was Addisonian. He used the vehicle of writing to express his innate disapproval of the trampling of the weak and poor, the hypocrisy of the enlightened, the tyranny of unimaginativeness and greed. When recognition and honour came in the wake of his books he treated them with careless detachment. When a knighthood was offered, he wrote declining it, in his characteristic way, that men who strove to be artists in letters should not accept titles. He considered that writers were doing a service to humanity by criticism of life and philosophy unmindful of reward. He had a great sympathy with all writers famous or unknown

and the struggling writer always found a patient guide in him. The passion for establishing a bond between writers made him an active member of the P. E. N. of which association he was the first President and to which he was unswervingly loyal to the end of his days.

Hostile critics may question whether his works will endure. With the modesty characteristic of a great mind he himself says in a foreword to his "Forsyte Saga," "If the upper middle class is destined to move on into amorphism, here, pickled in these pages it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of letters to gaze at." The works may become curious in a future century but the memory of the man will always remain green; for he was a great human being.

V. R. BASHYAM

UNITY

Despite the disarming testimony of the history of India to the underlying unity of her diverse peoples and philosophies, statements to the contrary are still repeatedly made. But this denial of the agelong truth is uttered only by some of the dwellers in the cities. Is that not an indirect acknowledgment that both the heart and the head of the country, which comprises mostly villages, are sound and strong in their operative faith in their oneness?

Of course, as in everything else that is informed with life, the law of change has been at work on the basis of unity as well. In the remote past, religion was the basis of Indian unity; religion was succeeded in the Middle Ages by a common culture as the unifying force and culture still serves as the cement in the hinterland of India. Why in the towns should the separatist tendencies be stressed more and more unless under the pressure of political ideologies and ambitions?

This undesirable element in the national life can be countered in one way, namely, on the common ground of equitable and equal satisfaction of economic necessities. Sir Mirza Ismail, in *Concord* for 29th September, suggests common industrial enterprises "as a powerful cementing force, resulting in the assuaging, if not in the complete elimination of communal antagonism."

Whatever contribution common economic enterprises can make to the fuller realisation of our fundamental community of interests will be welcome and we share Sir Mirza's faith that we have not "forgotten the art of living together which our forefathers had cultivated and mastered during the last one thousand years....The reservoirs of good-will are there."

We share also his conviction that integration, synthesis, is the evolutionary trend, and that ultimately "only in the co-ordination of the whole world lies the salvation of man."

G. M.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

IQBAL : POET AND PHILOSOPHER *

The world has certainly seen greater poets than Iqbal and greater philosophers than Iqbal. But it is doubtful if the world has produced such an exquisite mixture of the poet and the philosopher as Iqbal. The great Goethe is perhaps his only peer, but even he was not such a devoted student of pure and abstract philosophy as Iqbal may be claimed to have been. Perhaps it was not mere modesty that made Iqbal say more than once that he was not a poet. He was no believer in "art for art's sake." He was a thinker from first to last, and if he chose to express himself in poetry, it was because he was a born poet and he could not but lisp in numbers for "numbers came" and also because he felt that poetry could grasp reality much more effectively than philosophy. He himself brought out the difference between the two when he wrote: "If truth lacks fire it is philosophy; when it receives fire from the heart it is poetry."

In Iqbal ran the blood of Kashmiri pundits and he took as naturally to metaphysical thinking as a duck takes to water. With the zeal of the convert but two generations old he had soaked himself in the Quran, but he felt repelled by the mess that the mullahs had made of the holy book. He wanted a regeneration of Islam and his whole life was mostly a dedication to this sacred cause. If he had written pure logical metaphysics, his appeal could have been only to a limited world of scholars. But as a poet his appeal has been universal in the world of Urdu and Persian. Some of his works have been translated into English as well, but a full translation of all his works is yet to be achieved before the world is in a position to hail him as a world genius. Recently several books on Iqbal have appeared in English and these two latest are most welcome additions to Iqbalian literature.

Iqbal as a Thinker by eight Muslim professors, dealing with all the most important aspects of his teaching, is an excellent production. All the essays, though learned, are written in sprightly English and in an entertaining style. One may particularly pick out Prof. K. G. Saiyidain's on *Progressive Trends in Iqbal's Thought* and Dr. K. A. Hakim's essay on *Rumi, Nietzsche and Iqbal.* One cannot but point out a serious defect which detracts from its value to English readers, *viz.*, that in several cases the Urdu and Persian quotations from Iqbal have not been translated at all, while Professor Fazl-ur-Rehman quotes even French and Italian without translation. One can admire such learning, but not every reader of the book can claim to know five languages. The other publication is a full-length *Study in Iqbal's Philosophy* by Bashir Ahmad Dar. Though written in a matter-of-fact

* *Iqbal as a Thinker: Essays by Eminent Scholars*, *A Study in Iqbal's Philosophy*. By BASHIR AHMAD DAR, M.A. (Sheik Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazaar, Lahore. Rs. 3/- and Rs. 8/- respectively).

austere style, it covers in 412 pages most of the intricacies of Iqbal's thought.

Books of this type are a necessity since a philosopher who chooses to write as a poet can never be strictly logical, and the poet's varying moods must inevitably lead to inconsistencies in thought, however beautiful each thought by itself may be. Students of Plato know how difficult it is to weld his dialogues into a consistent system of thought. So too with Iqbal, but it is worth the trouble to understand him, for he is the most original and dynamic force that Muslim India has produced.

Raja Ram Mohan Roy felt the fresh impulse of Western civilisation a century and a half ago and sowed the seeds of a new life which has been slowly but steadily transforming the life of Hindu India. It was the misfortune of Muslims that with the perverse pride of orthodoxy they avoided contact with Western culture as a source of contamination. Syed Ahmed Khan did a good deal to make up for lost time, but he fell under influences which tended to create a rift between the two major communities. A new synthesising force was necessary and Iqbal has been a priceless gift of Muslim India to the making of a new India. There are passages in which Iqbal appears to be a critic of the West and he abhors nothing so much as slavish imitation of the West. Even the great Kamal Ataturk does not escape the shafts of his wit. But he could not have been what he was without an open mind which made him a devoted student of countless European philosophers. While willing to learn, he was never prepared to give up his right to think for himself and to criticise what he read. The Quran was his fundamental love, but he was able to appreciate it fully only in the light of Nietzsche and Bergson and was able to give it a meaning which had been lost for generations, thanks to the blind unreasoning orthodoxy of the mullahs. He had even the courage to learn from heterodox Muslims like Hallaj, whom a fanatical orthodoxy had not hesitated to crucify.

Islam through the centuries had become a mass of prayers and had encouraged sloth masquerading as piety. Iqbal scorned such inane submissiveness. He would not " beg even from God, for begging weakens one's individuality." Conventional prayers with their mechanical rhythm left him cold :—

> Flowers spring wherever I prostrate myself ; conventional prayers cannot express the depth of my devotion.

He loathes asceticism as a refuge for the selfish and the cowardly. He wants men to " dive into the river of life and fight the waves. Everlasting life is the outcome of conflict. "

From Nietzsche Iqbal learned the power of self : *khudi*. With a boldness which only a poet can command he advises even a drop of water to " drink up the ocean." From Bergson he learned the universal reign of change and looked upon stability and permanence as " mere illusions " :—

> Motion is the essential equipment for life ;
> Motion is reality; stability is but an illusion.

That is why he himself was not prepared to be a slave of the past and to live merely according to tradition, and he sagely remarks : " If following tradition had been a virtue, the Prophet too would have walked in the footsteps of his ancestors. " That is a plain truth which the orthodox in all religions

forget, and Muslims perhaps more than others, and it required a genius like Iqbal to drive home a simple truth, which, however, required great courage to preach to a decadent Islam.

By Indians generally Iqbal will ever be remembered as the author of that noble song, *Hindustan hamara*, which has a better right to be the national anthem of India than any other. His patriotic poetry will always rank high, and the anguish in which he wrote *My Hidden Wounds* will always find an abiding echo in the heart of every Indian worth the name.

It is one of the cruellest ironies of fate that towards the end of Iqbal's career he came to be identified with the Pakistan movement. This constitutes a rather obscure phase of his life on which a good deal of light has yet to be thrown. *Prima facie* it is almost impossible to believe that Iqbal, the Indian nationalist *par excellence*, could ever be a party to the vivisection of his beloved mother, India. One might expect Dr. Aziz Ahmad to have thrown some light on this topic in his essay on *Iqbal's Political Theory*. But after taking pains to prove that Iqbal could not but have accepted the orthodox Muslim position that "nationalism is foreign to Muslim polity; to a Mussalman the entire world is his abode and place of worship, for it lies within the sovereignty of his Allah," Dr. Ahmed lays himself open to the charge of misinterpreting Iqbal in a double way. If the sentence just quoted is to be taken literally, it implies that the whole world must become Muslim. This is inconsistent with the Quran and certainly with the broad-based cosmopolitan outlook of Iqbal himself. If "nationalism is foreign to Islam," it is difficult to understand why and how Dr. Ahmed suddenly jumps to the conclusion in his short and dogmatic last paragraph, ending with the cryptic words: "Iqbal is the mind and Jinnah is the heart of Muslim India." Political partisanship has the power to mystify one's understanding and to cloud one's clarity of vision. But neither he nor Mr. Dar has cared to take note of an illuminating letter from Iqbal himself to Prof. Edward Thompson, which has been given full publicity by Prof. Thompson himself. Therein Iqbal gives utterance to a feeling which is fully consistent with the poems of his youth and the philosophy of his maturity: "Pakistan would be disastrous to the Hindus, disastrous to the people of India, disastrous to my own community." And we shall leave it at that, for nothing else can be expected of one who was a Hindu by blood, a devout Muslim by faith and a cosmopolitan in culture. He vivified his poetry with his philosophy and beautified his philosophy with his poetry, and carved out a place for himself unique in the history of human culture.

Only an Iqbal, poet-philosopher and philosopher-poet, could write:—

The God-intoxicated *Faqir* is neither of the East nor of the West;
I belong neither to Delhi nor to Isfahan nor to Samarkand.
I speak out what I consider to be the truth;
I am neither fooled by priests nor by the glitter of modern civilisation;
Friends and strangers are alike displeased with me:
Why? because I could never confound poison with sugar!
It is difficult, indeed, that a truth-knowing, truth-seeking person
Should confuse a mound of rubbish with Mount Sinai.

A. R. WADIA

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW *

This is a good, balanced, informed, poignant book. It might have been improved by expert revision before it went to press, for Jewish history has many pitfalls for the unwary. But it remains none-the-less one of the best of the various surveys of the sort that have appeared during the past few years. It leaves out of consideration perhaps only one thing. The story used to be told with a wealth of circumstantial detail, save that one never met or knew any of the persons more immediately concerned, of the young lady who was reluctantly given by a clairvoyant a sealed envelope foretelling her future, under solemn pledge that it would not be opened until she returned home. As she was on her way, she was run over and killed. In the envelope was found a piece of paper with the words: "There is no future." That story should figure as the epilogue to this book; for, speaking in terms of European Jewry, and of pre-war values, there is no Jewish future. It is time for the handful of complacent survivors and Olympian observers to become aware of this stark, improbable fact. Before the outbreak of war in 1939, about 10,000,000 Jews lived in Europe. Of these, some 3,000,000 were in Russia. Dr. A. Steinberg, in this volume, has an absorbing chapter on the fight against anti-Semitism by the Soviets, which he shews to have been sincere but not entirely effective. However that may be, the Soviet environment has shewn itself unfavourable for the survival of Judaism. The break-up of the former Pale of Settlement, the end of economic segregation, the severance of foreign contacts, the overwhelming attraction of a rival quasi-religious ideology, have resulted in an assimilatory process on a scale and with a rapidity which have no parallel in history; and though Russian Jewry may survive in such circumstances as a racial element (even this is doubtful in the long run) it is improbable that the Jewish religion can do so for long. (The recent encouragement of the Russian Church, as an expression of Russian nationalism, has no bearing upon this, or a negative one at the most.) Incidentally, it is probable that something like one-third of Russian Jewry, mainly concentrated in the western regions, succumbed during the period of the German invasions. In any case, this element cannot be taken into serious account in any consideration of the Jewish future.

An approximately equal number lived before 1939 in Poland. The world has not yet fully appreciated the fact that the entire might of the German Reich was devoted during the past five years to the task of exterminating them, with a very considerable degree of success. There are now in that country, so far as it is possible to judge, fewer than one-tenth of the former figure. Perhaps as many more are still alive as refugees in Russia. Four-fifths have met their end, in the slaughter-camps of Treblinks, Oswiecim, or Birkenau. Of the 1,000,000 Roumanian Jews, perhaps 300,000 survive: of the 500,000 Hungarians, no more than 200,000; of the 360,000

* *The Future of the Jews.* A Symposium edited by J. J. LYNX. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

in Czechoslovakia, fewer than 50,000; the communities of Jugoslavia and Greece are reduced by the appalling proportion of nine-tenths. In Western Europe, the degree of devastation ranges from something like one-half in France and Italy, to something like nine-tenths in much-tried Holland. Of the once-great German Jewry, there are to all intents and purposes no survivors whatsoever, save those who were fortunate enough to escape in time. The only areas in Europe which have escaped are Sweden, Switzerland, Turkish Thrace, and Great Britain—tiny oases in a wilderness of desolation. There does not seem to be much doubt that one-half of Europe's pre-war 10,000,000 Jews have perished during the past five years—a greater tragedy probably than has ever befallen any people since the beginning of history in so short a time. Of the survivors, perhaps two-thirds are likely to live henceforth under the Soviet ægis, with all that this implies. There would thus remain as active and effective members of European Jewry no more than a maximum of 2,000,000 souls—one-fifth of the number a generation ago.

It is not difficult to imagine what sort of persons they are likely to be after the appalling experiences they have gone through in the course of the past half-decade. After the treatment they have received from their neighbours, can they be other than suspicious? After having been despoiled of their property, can they be other than acquisitive? After having been subjected to a subhuman discriminatory legislation, will they suddenly become meticulously law-abiding? After having been callously deprived of the rights and protection of the citizenship they had earned, can they ever again feel patriotic in quite the same sense? In fact, has not Adolf Hitler's policy succeeded in endowing the Jews, in some degree, with precisely those defects which he alleged against them?

An understanding and sympathetic public would doubtless consider this a specific problem, to be treated with patience, kindliness and knowledge. But it is difficult to see where that understanding and sympathetic public is to be sought at present. For ceaseless propaganda cannot fail to have its effect. There can be no doubt that anti-Semitism is stronger now in Europe than ever before. Where the Jewish population was once considered excessive, it is still so considered even after it has been reduced by nine-tenths; where the Jews were once wholly integrated in the life of the country they have become once more a separated entity; where they were once regarded as brothers they are now considered unwelcome strangers. Contrary to all rational expectation, the status of the remnant of European Jewry is lower than it has ever been since the walls of the Ghetto fell.

There is to my mind only one solution. National demoralisation can be averted only by national reintegration. Zion has been for centuries the lodestar of Jewish idealism. During these past awful years, it has provided the solitary hope for the despairing, the solitary goal for the drifting, the solitary exemplar of achievement for the pariahs. Without that hope, the demoralisation would have gone even deeper; with it, the demoralisation can yet be stemmed. Physically, Palestine provides the only apparent opportunity for the displaced, unadjusted Jews throughout Europe; morally and senti-

mentally it is their only hope. No Jew desires that the land should be built upon a basis of injustice to the present inhabitants; for it is possible without this to secure them, as a people, the only justice which holds them the promise of any future at all. Personally, I do not believe that they are going to receive it. Mrs. Dugdale's chapter in this volume on "Zionism and the Jewish Settlement," Dr. Josef Heller's on "Zionism and the Jewish Problem," are balanced and persuasive, but, alas, beside the point. We are entering upon a cynical, disillusioned stage of world history. The experience of the past generation has shewn that the Jews are in fact an incoherent, powerless, divided body. There is no cogent political reason (as there appeared to be in 1917) why anything should be done in their behalf, and I do not think that anything will be.

Professor Hyman Levy writes as one expects him to on "The Problem of Assimilation." There is no problem, except so far as the Jews are concerned. Give them four generations of undisturbed peace, and they will assimilate so completely, alas, that no traces will be left. German Jewry shewed that only too clearly. Fifty years later, a Hitler would have been unable to recreate the phantasma against which he tilted with results so agonising to the entire world. But they have never been given the four generations; and they have been blamed because they have been unable to shake off the effects of centuries of persecution, in a couple of decades. This is made the pretext for further persecution; and they are thrown back into a worse position than before. Four generations, as I said, are needed. But I question whether they will ever be given them.

If I can see in the Jewish future nothing but what is sad, it is not through a feeling of despair or disillusionment in Judaism. Its message remains as valid as it ever was; and there is no need for it to be based upon the existence of a numerous, complacent European bourgeoisie. Perhaps the future of Judaism is the brighter because the future of the Jews is so dark.

CECIL ROTH

Verdict on South Africa (The Tyranny of Colour). By P. S. JOSHI. (Thacker and Co., Ltd., Bombay. Rs. 9/12)

Nowhere, not even in India, has the tyranny of colour been more clearly exemplified than in South Africa. The African native is a foreigner in his own land and it is clear that the work started by Abraham Lincoln is not yet finished; while the Indian settler, originally indentured, is severely penalised and restricted. Yet the problem is not fundamentally one of mere colour. Rather is it economic and the European's conviction that "might is right." Formerly large-scale cultivation and mining were dependent upon slavery and cheap indentured labour but with the development of mechanical power the white settlers in South Africa now demand that the non-whites should be suppressed. Moreover, South Africa is rich in gold and is also a rich trading centre. In the desire to keep this wealth in European hands lies the motive for disenfranchisement, segregation, the pegging act and all the other

disabilities inflicted on the non-white population, Negro and Indian. With the Briton, the Boer has played his part in this. Although vanquished, he has proved victorious over the Briton, and has learned the lesson well that, in the words of G. K. Chesterton: "Being a nation means standing up to your equals, whereas being an empire only means kicking your inferiors."

Verdict on South Africa, which presents mainly the Indian point of view, is a historical record of this discriminatory legislation and the events associated with it since 1860 when the system of Indian indentured labour was first started. The title of the book appears therefore to be out of place and is, in any case, undignified. The book is dedicated to Gandhiji who did so much for South Africa, the cradle of his life's mission. His touch is still needed there today. Every Indian will be rightly indignant at the picture of misery and degradation unfolded in this book. India, newly awakened and poised for Home Rule, clamours for the support and protection of her ill-treated nationals abroad. The Gandhian episode in South Africa is an epic for all times and to Indians it proclaims the commandment: "India must learn to live before she can aspire to die for humanity." Only a free India, powerful in the strength of her ancient culture, can be properly and effectively represented in South Africa.

IRENE R. RAY

Our Youth. By KAMALADEVI. (Kitab Mahal, 56A, Zero Road, Allahabad. Re. 1/8)

This 62-page book, written in a simple, straightforward manner, easy and interesting to read but not superficial, contains a picture of modern youth, well-painted because true to the original. The youthful author understands her generation. While not glossing over their faults and failings, she recognises the contributory factors.

Wholesale imitation of Western ideas and institutions, want of effective leadership and failure to practise what is preached, these are the tragedies of modern youth. The author rightly deplores our Anglo-Indian mentality. An unintelligent, half-hearted aping of the West is a ridiculous spectacle indeed. We need to evolve a system suited to the genius of our people and where can it be found if not in Indian philosophy, which contains, not stupid social customs against which youth rightly rebels, but principles of conduct based on eternal verities, the laws of spiritual life. To find this rational explanation of things we need a system which combines Western reason with Eastern metaphysics. Would it not be worth our while to seek it?

That is what India needs, not dictator-leaders, Western or Eastern, however "fascistically inclined" Indian youth may be.

This book can be read with profit by both young and old. Much of what Kamaladevi says is sound and wise and that such ideas should be expressed by youth is a hopeful sign indeed!

DAENA

Romanticism Comes of Age. By OWEN BARFIELD. (Anthroposophical Company, London)

There is more illumination to be found on any single page of this book than in whole volumes by heavy-weight philosophers. It deals with the immense subject of imagination as a vehicle of truth or knowledge. After the long era during which Europe lay under the domination of the analytical observer, seeing everything in terms of bits and pieces, the age of "victorious analysis," the Nineteenth-Century poets introduced a new approach to reality. They held that since analysis had not increased our *understanding* we must employ some new method. If a new method was to be used a new faculty must be used, a different tool. This tool they called Imagination. Wordsworth, Keats and Coleridge, each in his own way, advanced this view with inspired and glorious power. But the tragedy of the movement, Mr. Barfield says, lay in the fact that it was not thorough. No proper critique of Imagination arose. It was not clearly shown "*in what way* Imagination is true."

Imagination must not be confused with invention or even with fancy. Invention is the power to see what is not there. Imagination is the power to see what is there. This last takes some doing. The eye alone won't do; the *feeling intellect* must co-operate. But when you do this, when you really see what is there, you find that you also are there. You say—"I am that." But we in the West still feel more comfortable with Dr. Johnson of the eighteenth century kicking the lamp-post and saying "That is there."

Now this Romantic conception of "I am that" is of course anything but new in the East. What we see is the emergence in an altered form of an experience which the East has cultivated for centuries. It is a striking and evolutionarily hopeful fact that East and West should thus meet. That kind of coming together cannot very well be bogus or merely based on policy. Mr. Barfield devotes a very interesting chapter to the future synthesis between East and West. He holds that in so far as the conception is understood in the West, the emphasis is "I am *that*"; while in the East the emphasis is "*I* am that." For in the West we have the individual self-consciousness in a material world which seems to be the only real world, while in the East consciousness of self and separate individuality is much less pronounced and the material world of appearance is often referred to as Maya, illusion. Yet it is a commonplace that Westerners yearn towards the attitude of the East, while Easterners are attracted by the Western capacity to deal with the actual. It is useless to swing from one to the other, the thing is now to understand what they are both getting at and go on from there.

Between these two extremes lay Goethe, says Mr. Barfield, and after him and through him, Rudolf Steiner. It is the latter who came nearest to a *critique* of Romance, to the working out in action of *systematic* imagination, just as the yogis are systematic. The extent to which there can be a profound understanding between East and West instead of a superficial one, a fruitful coming together instead of false embraces, is explained by Mr. Barfield. That forms but one portion of this wonderfully suggestive volume, and as I have been asked to make my review very short I must now stop, merely

saying that no words of mine could possibly do justice to the profundity, the usefulness and the distinction of these essays. I quarrel only with the title. It should be—Philosophy Comes of Age.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

"*Devadasi*" (Temple-Dancer). By SANTOSH K. CHATTERJEE. (Author, 169, Vivekananda Road, Calcutta. Rs. 3/-)

Nothing definite can be said in regard to the age of the Devadasi system, now going out of vogue in India and for the continuance of which in a modified form and under State patronage, Mr. Chatterjee puts in a plea. He contends that the system existed in one form or another in the Middle- and Near-Eastern countries, where, as south of the Vindhaychal, the basis of family life was matrilineal.

All Indian arts have a religious bias and derive inspiration from dancing; the plays here were not acted but danced. The handmaids of a god, any one of the Trinity, were dedicated to, or sold into, the service of the god at the age of six to eight; and it was at this age that their training in singing and dancing started. It continued till the formal marriage to the god, represented by a drum or a sword, the nuptials being performed by the high priest, "next in importance to God." The Devadasis were expected to fan the *chamars,* carry the sacred light and sing and dance to the god they were married to—although they lived in their father's home and could have children by men of their choice.

In course of time, however, the system relegated the Devadasi to the level of concubines and prostitutes. But, unlike them, the Devadasis continued to enjoy privileges at home, in respect of inheritance, and outside in society, because "they never entered widowhood and brought good luck." And they lived according to a strict code of life and morals.

Be that as it may, these semi-human and semi-divine beings have managed to preserve the art of dancing through political, economic and social crises in the country. The author describes the various systems of dancing current in the country south of the Vindhyas—including the Kathakali, which is more a drama of events than a dance proper; the *Bharat Natyam*—the art of expression through the dance, *Natyam,* and the elaborate interpretative gesture-language, *Abhinaya,* expressed through face, eyes, neck, hands and the other limbs of the body. The discussion also embraces the Manipuri dance of Northern India, which was taken by emigrants to South-East Asia, where the same mythological Puranic tales are enacted and danced to this day. Mr. Chatterjee's book is full of interesting data. We wish that repetitions had been avoided, and that illustrations were more apt and typographical errors fewer.

MADAN GOPAL

The Country Beyond. By JANE SHERWOOD. (Rider and Co., London. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

This record of teachings obtained by the author through the medium of automatic writing will interest students of unexplained laws of nature and psychical phenomena. Amongst the three unseen collaborators were the author's dead husband, killed in France in 1916. "A trained and disciplined mind and body, with emotions purified and controlled, are necessary to the psychic experimenter," remarks Mrs. Sherwood, in contrast to so much of the prevalent craze for "psychism without tears."

The field covered by the teachings is a large one. The subtitle of the book is "A Study of Survival and Rebirth," and it is noteworthy to see the increasing part which the long-disputed theosophical truths of Reincarnation and Karma are occupying in spiritualistic scripts. Even the problem of Atlantis and racial evolution is not forgotten in these communications, though the interpretation given here needs elaboration. Perhaps the Astral Light is beginning to reflect some of the teachings on soul-development so faithfully studied for some years now by students of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's writings.

Be that as it may, how are we to know that the communications documented here are not entirely a compilation by the loosely attached astral body of the living medium? One thing is certain—there is nothing essentially new in these pages, and the fact that the teachings have come to the author by automatic writing adds nothing to their value or validity. It is unnecessary to point out the dangers attendant upon any form of automatic writing, so far as the medium is concerned. Mrs. Sherwood herself calls attention to some of the pitfalls.

We are told in a Foreword that the late Mr. Leslie Howard, film star and director, offered to write a preface to *The Country Beyond*, but that his tragic death prevented the carrying out of his intention.

PHILIP HOWELL

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

During the Second World War, under the stress of danger, there sprang up in Britain in the sphere of industry, a sort of healthy partnership between the Management and the Managed. In short, "industrial democracy" came into existence. But it will have failed of its praiseworthy purpose if in the post-war period the spirit of co-operation and concord evoked by the exigencies of the war, should be allowed to languish. The active association of the employee with the employer in Councils and Committees set up during the War must be maintained in some form or another. Apropos of this, says N. A. Howell-Everson in "In the Factory" (*Britain To-day*, September 1945) :—

> The expression "Industrial Democracy" is popular today, but despite the philologists, the common man thinks of Democrcay in terms of the Jury Box rather than the Ballot Box. Justice is the fundamental right of the free man, because it embraces every other right to which he can properly lay claim. An industrial structure which denies it to him can only be maintained by the sanctions of economic stress, and deserves to fail, as it assuredly will fail, as soon as the demand for labour equates with the supply.

G. M.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The important part which Arab culture played in the transmission of Greek thought to mediæval Europe is too often overlooked. It is good to find, in the July *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester*, a long and thoughtful paper on the subject by Richard Walzer of Oriel College, Oxford. (The John Rylands Library, by the way, possesses one of the finest collections of Arabic MSS. in the world.) The paper was read earlier in the year before the Oxford Mediæval Society.

Mr. Walzer contrasts the attitude of the Germanic conquerors of Italy who disrupted the continuity of ancient civilisation in the West, with the remarkable tolerance of the Arab tribes towards the inhabitants of the conquered provinces of the Roman Empire. The Arabs were willing and eager to take what the latter had to give. He credits the translator, Hunain B. Ishaq, and his like with having been instrumental in securing the continuity of the legacy of Greek philosophy, medicine and science "at a very critical stage of European history." But the Muhammedan philosophers did more; they "assimilated this foreign legacy to their own needs and transmitted it to later generations of their own people, so that eventually it could be made available to the Western Latin world."

One of the most remarkable features of Mr. Walzer's essay is his quotation of the noble words of al-Kindī in the preface of his yet unpublished "Metaphysics, a work on the Principles of Reality and the One, written in Baghdad between A. D. 833 and 842," which Mr. Walzer assures us exemplifies a spirit common to many Muhammedan philosophers. The Arab philosopher wrote:—

> It is fitting then to acknowledge the utmost gratitude to all those who have contributed even a little to truth not to speak of all those who have contributed much. If they had not lived, it would have been impossible for us, despite all our zeal, during the whole of our lifetime, to assemble these principles of truth which form the basis of the final inferences of our research. The assembling of all these elements has been effected century by century, in past ages down to our own time. A single lifetime would not suffice to complete it, even at the cost of tireless research undertaken with the utmost perseverance by an extremely discerning mind....It is fitting then for us not to be ashamed to acknowledge truth and to assimilate it from whatever source it comes to us, even if it is brought to us by former generations and foreign peoples.

An incalculable opportunity largely neglected! Such must be the impartial verdict on the history of the film in general down to present time. The possibilities, educational and inspirational, of the cinema, have been hardly tapped and all too often the output of the entertainment-film producers has been positively detrimental to moral standards and outlook on life.

Nations with designs on their neighbours have been quick to recognise the propaganda value of the film. The film was used by the Nazis for cultural

penetration of surrounding countries. But they used a weapon which can cut both ways. The retreating Germans left in France thousands of projectors which can now be turned to better uses!

Especially as an instrument to promote understanding among the peoples of the world, the film is unsurpassed. Sinclair Road considers this ambassadorial function of the cinema in *The Fabian Quarterly* for July under the caption "The International Rôle of the Film." The recognition of community of difficulties and of interests is a most powerful uniting force. International cultural and scientific interchange among the intelligentsia, the conscious inheritors of a common tradition, is of long standing and had in recent times been fostered by the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation and like bodies. But

> the advent of the film as one of the great media of mass-communication and the work of documentary film-makers in different countries have made it possible to extend this exchange to the generality of people, who are not consciously aware of common tradit and common problems.

Documentary films are a very impo ant recent development. Even bef the war such films had been produ by several countries, dealing w problems common to all countries su as employment, housing, health, edu tion, child delinquency, technical p cesses etc., for showing largely throu non-theatrical channels. Mr. Ro concedes to all sponsors of such fil the retention of "a sense of the soc and educational importance of th work." There have been hopef moves in the direction of broad interests, though not enough of t nationally produced news-reels showi happenings abroad as well as at hom and Mr. Road finds "there is still place for an internationally produc interpretative news-reel." He stress also the necessity of some internation body to co-ordinate exchange scheme for documentaries, reciprocity bein "the main guarantee of the films' valu and impartiality."